Flosculum Poeticum.

POEMS

DIVINE and *HUMANE*,

Panegyrical,
Satyrical,
Ironical.

By *P. K.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Benjamin Billingsley* at the *Printing-Press*, near the *Royal Exchange*, 1684.

V. if at Ashridge: Not.

READER.

THis Poem *is an extemporanian by-blow of the* Muſes; *brought forth into the World before its full time. It is in* puris, *or rather* nudis naturalibus; *and beggeth a* ſmile *of acceptance, for a Swadling-Clout to cover it's Nakedneſs: Nothing can murther it, but the Eye of a carping* Critick: *Neither do I fear but an* Ingenuous Reader *will find a diſh that can both reliſh his Taſt, and ſuffice his Appetite, without any danger of a Surfeit: There are ſome* Typographical Errours, *a thing very abſurd in* Poeſie, *but they are ſo obvious that none will impute them to the* Author's *Ignorance.* Therefore Pray Page 25. read the laſt two lines thus,

What need I care what Mortal Men can ſay,
Whil'ſt Great JEHOVAH doth a Scepter ſway.

Soli Deo omnis Gloria.

ALmighty, Good, Great, Merciful, *and* Iuſt,
The Angel's *Joy*; *of* Men *the Hope and Truſt*:
Heaven is thy Throne, *thou* ſpans *it with thine hand*,
Non-entities *obey at thy Command*.
Earth's *thy Foot-ſtool, thou view's it with thine* eye,
Yet both are narrow, for thy Majeſty.
All that we have, we owe it unto thee;
Both Life, *and* Breath, *and our* Exiſtencie.
Thou (*when we were o'r-guilt with* Adam's *ſtain*)
Turn'd θεανθρώπος, *to reſtore's again*,
And by thy Powr *and* Spirit *did us call*,
To guid our Feet, *from ſuch another* fall.
Thou'rt only good; *and he that loves not* thee
Is Satan's Slave, *and not as yet ſet free*
From ſtrength of Sin, *which thou alone* moſt high,
Didſt overcome, gave us the Victory.
Let Angels *praiſe, and* Men *adore thy Name*,
And let all beings *bow, and pay the ſame*.
Omniſcience *and* Omnipotence *are thine*;
And thy Ubiquity *admits no line*.
Then let thy Kingdome *turn to Monarchy*,
And it's Duration *be* Eternity.
That Sin *and* Death, *may us no more deſtroy*,
Then when Stars *ſung, and thy* Sons *ſhouted joy*.

To

To the Memory of KING CHARLES *the First.*

BLeſſ'd Saint, *Great* King, *and conſtant* Martyr, *I*
Pay my ſmall Mite *here, to thy* Memory.
Yet theſe three Nations *cannot all pay home,*
The Summe *that's due, Engraven on thy* Tomb.
Yet hope thy Blood, *ah* Blood! (*was guiltleſs ſhed*)
No Vengeance *cryes*, but our Sin pardoned.
Impute it not for boldneſs then, that I
Could wiſh thy *Life* to live, thy *Death* to die.

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Isa. 57. 15. *Thus sayeth the High and Lofty One, who inhabiteth Eternity.*

The Night's far spent, the Day draws nigh;
The Morning Star aloud doth cry.
Remember Long ETERNITY.

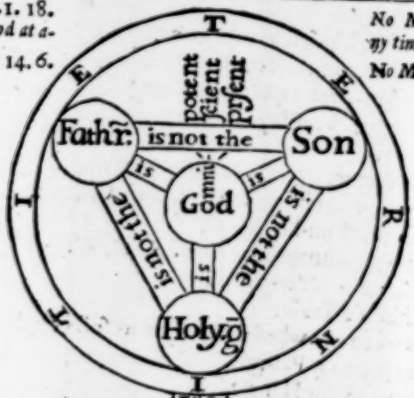
Prov. 8. 31. *I took my delight in the Compass of the Earth, and my delight was with the Sons of Men.*

Joh. 5. 7. *There are three that bare Record in Heaven, &c.*

Isa. 65. 1. *Heaven is my Throne, and Earth is my Foot-stool: But to this Man will I look, even to him that is Poor, &c.*

Joh. 1. 18. *No Man hath seen God at a-ny time &c.*

Joh. 14. 6. *No Man, &c.*



1 Cor. 12. 3. *No Man can say that Jesus is the Lord, &c.*

Joh. 15. 5. *Without me ye can do nothing.*

Heb. 11. 6. *Without Faith it is impossible &c.*

Rom. 8. 24. *We are saved by Hope.*

1 Cor. 13. 13. *The greatest of these three is Love.*

God is Love.

Heb. 3. 12. *Take heed, Brethren, lest there be in any of you &c.*

1 Joh. 5. 8. *And there are three that bare Witness in Earth, &c.*

Oft have I striven, and labour given,
Eternity to scan:
But still I find, I beat the Wind;
And end where I began.

Eccl. 1. 14. *I have seen all the works that are under the Sun, &c.*

POEMS

On ſeveral Occaſions.

Eternity.

WHat is *Eternity?* A thing (Ring,
That's round in faſhion, like a
It is a NOW, that endeth never.
It is a LINE, that laſteth ever.
'Tis *ſemper Idem* ſtill the ſame.
An *Abſtract*, only known by name.
A *Point* that cannot be decided;
Subſtracted, Added, nor Divided.
It is a round, long, endleſs *Sphere*,
And ſiſter-twins with *Every-where*.

'Tis *Non ens*, clad in *ſomething*'s dreſs,
It laughs the *Arts*, and *Sciences*,
None can this clew of threed untwine,
Or it *In terminis* define.
'Tis abſent ſtill, yet *In Præſentia*.
No *Genus*, but all *Differentia*.
I trac'd it (by a *Demonſtration*)
'Twixt *Vacuum*, and *Penitration*,
And though I did exactly mind it,
I loſt my ſelf, but could not find it.
I did conclude it once to call
A *Forme*, though not ſubſtantial:
But when I laid it to mine Eye,
It was a meer *Abſurdity*.
I clad it with ſuppoſed Fictions,
And run my ſelf in Contradictions:
For when my Phancie made a ſtand,
Thinking to catch it in my Hand;
I caſt mine Eye, but could not ſee
Such Fruit, upon *Porphyres's* Tree.
I can perceive ſome twi-light sky,
Of all our new Philoſophy:
But this the *Object* of *Objection*,
Know not by *firſt*, nor *laſt* conception:
Only I think I hear it cry,
I'm Endleſs, *Long*, *Eternity*.

Some

Some Philoſophs it ſue, and chaſe,
To know it's height, and ſee it's face.
But it no *Parley*, but *Deſis*
Sounds unto ſuch μωροσοφί.
'Tis ſtill at Hand, and yet it flyes
Beyond the *Horizon* of Eyes.
I bent my Soul, and ſhot my Wit,
Thinking this *Center-Mark* to hit;
But it (like Arrows, ſhot in vain)
As *Immanent* turn'd back again.
I ſeriouſly did once deſign,
It to deſcribe, but not define;
Yet got no further but to IT,
Which of no limits doth admit;
Of no *Non ultra*, or *Non plus*,
No *Prius*, nor *Poſterius*.
It *Time* ſurvives, and yet I'm told,
It ſelf was ne'er a *Minute* old.
It is a VERB, that doth commence
No further, then the preſent *Tenſe*,
A NOUN abounding, yet doth fall
Objected, to no ſenſe at all.
A PRONOUN ſure, it needs muſt be,
For it includes *Him*, *Thee*, and *Me*,
A PARTICIPLE, that gives and takes,
Yet *Leſs*, or *More* it never makes.

And for an ADVERB it may pass,
Because it is an endless *Cras.*
A PREPOSITION, out of doubt,
For *Circa circum's* round about.
'Tis a *Conjunction* that doth draw
Forth endless long *et cætera.*
It needs must be an INTERJECTION,
Branched forth in Passion, and Perfection,
Because it hath, still to throw in
Evax, and *Heu*, and e'r begin.
The moment of our short time is,
ETERNITY'S *Parenthisis.*
Yet the *Duration* that's called *time*,
In it's own proper sense and *clime*,
Is all one with *Eternity*:
But 'cause all Mortals here must dye,
We change the *Name*, but not the *Nature*;
Terming our measure like the Creature.
It, none that lives but one doth know,
And can make it our Friend, or Foe.
Whom we alone can fully call
Heter, and *Homogeniall.*
A *Parte ante*, and a *Post*,
Whom *chance*, or *change* doth not accost,
Who did us save, when we were lost.

By

By whom, let Reader *Thee*, and *Me*,
And all true hearted *Christians* be
Blest'd, unto all ETERNITIE.

THE
WORLD'S Unworthiness.

John 1. 17. *The Law was given by* Moses, *but Grace and Truth came by* Jesus Christ.

MOSES a *Shephard*, and the Man of *God*,
Feeding his Flocks, in *Horeb* Mount (abode:
And as he sought some *wandering Sheep* to spy,
A *Non-such* Object did surprise his *eye*.
A Bush, (which is *Hyperbole* to say)
Did burn a-pace, but not consume away.
Therefore amaz'd, he thither made his flight,
To see that strange, and unexpected sight.

But

But 'ere he knew, he forc'd was to retire;
For him whose Name is *A Consuming Fire*,
The *King* of *Kings* from *Heaven* to *Earth* was
To give the Law, *Per postliminium*. (come,
The Great *Jehovah* Lord, descended had,
To do the work, th' *Almighty* promised.
But neither Plagues, nor Wrath, nor any Act,
Or *Miracle* of *Mercy*, could bring back
The chosen Israel, to pay the score
In *workes*, his great Grandfather run before.
The heavenly *Herauld* both in smoak, & fire,
To pay their debt, all Mortals did require.
God's Majesty, made *Earth's Foundations* shake:
Mount *Sinai* tremble, and the people quake.
A fiery Law went out, made *Jacob* mourn,
It gave a *light*, but every spark did *burn*,
No deb't was paid, for *Moses* could no more
But quake, and tremble, further on the score.
And all the World could only but confess,
God's holiness, and their Unrighteousness.
Therefore the *Lord* (to keep us free from *harm*)
Lay'd up the *Bond*, and gave a longer term.
God only good (as our case did require)
Turn'd flame of love, from a *consuming fire*,
And likewise veil'd (his great love to express)
The burning Bush, within a Humaine dress.

Which

Which Mortals boldly might approach unto,
Which not the meekeſt man before durſt do.

THE
WORLD'S Ingratitude.

John 1. 10. *He was in the World, and the World was made by him, and the world knew him not.*

O Thankleſs Globe! of thrice adulterate (clay,
Whoſe *Sin*, and *Ignorance* eclipſ'd that day,
Wherein thy Maker (Mask'd with Mortal dreſs,)
Vail'd his bright light, in humaine lowlineſs.
To reconcile, and ranſome thee again,
From endleſs *Death*, from *Sorrow*, *Grief*, & *Pain*.
He left his Fathers *Court*, to viſit thee,
And Fleſh became, to ſet thee *Priſon-free*.

The

The *King* of *Kings*, the Lord of all things, he
Came in a Servants form, to ſuit for thee.
Power, *Wiſdom*, *Goodneſs*, *Beauty*, *Life* & *Love*
With *light*, did all diſcend from *heaven* above,
To reunite, eſpouſe, and bring again (bane.
The wretched world, from the old Serpents
When *Adam*'s race was dead, and ſunk in ſin,
Whom none could bring to life, nor once be-
A Remedy, ſufficient to heal (gin
Poor *Apoſtates*, nor could find any bail
In Heaven, or Earth, who worthy was and juſt,
To whom the God of truth could give in truſt
His Power, and Spirit, to fight, & put to chaſe
The *Hoſt* of *Hell*, and world of Wickedneſs.
When neither Man nor Angel this durſt dare,
The God of peace became a Man of War.
He made the *world*: but when he came therein,
To purifie, and make it clean from ſin,
They turned him out of doors, and did deny
Him Bed, or Pillow, whereupon to lye:
They would not give him lodging, one poor
(Night;
Though unto him belong'd the whole
(World's right.
Both Beaſts, & Fowls, had whereupon to reſt;
The Fox had holes, the Sparrow had a neſt:
And

And yet the *Son* here was so humble made,
He had not whereupon to lay his *Head*.
O *Great Humiliation*! he did lay by
His Royal *Robes*, and Glorious *Majesty*;
And took *our* Nature, that he might restore
Us to the *Righteousness*, we lost before:
But when he came unto his dearest *own*;
He (like a stranger) was to them *unknown*.
They took his *Life*, and they by *him* did live,
He (by his *Death*) *Life* unto *them* did give.
They *Murthered* him: But he *Reviv'd* agen;
And his delight is with the *Sons* of *Men*.
Here's a *Misterious Love*, and no Man knows it;
But he, to whom the *Father* of *Spirits* showes it.

The Stedfast Christian.

Eccles. 4. 12. *A threefold Cord is not easily broken.*

Luke 24. 32. *Did not our Heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, &c.*

Faith, *Hope*, and *Love*,
Are from above,
And he that keeps them sure,
Can never *Fall*,
For *Good* and *all*,
Whil'st *Life*-time doth endure.

Though *Tempests* blow,
Through Stormes of *Snow*,
Be of a *stedfast* mind,
Ther's none needs care
For *Prince* of *Air*,
Whil'st *God* rides on the *Wind*.

He can no more,
But only roar,
And sue us, for his *prey*:
But *ten dayes* space
Will turn the chase,
And he will shrink away.

Suspirium

Suſpirium Regale:

OR

A Royal Sigh of King CHARLES the Firſt, On His Arreignment.

Eccle. 8. 4. *Where the Word of a King is there is Power, and who may ſay unto him what doſt thou?*
Chap. 10. Verſ. 20. *Curſe not the King, no not in thy Thought,* &c.
Job. 34. 18. *Is it fit to ſay to a King, thou art Wicked? and to Princes, ye are Ungodly?*

BEtray'd by Tumults, to a Bloody War!
And now Arreign'd at black *Rebellion's* Bar!
Where *Lawleſs Law-pretending Traytors* plead,
Religiouſly, both for my *Crown*, and *Head*.
Yet they to me the *Priviledge* deny,
To ſpeak *one Word*, my ſelf to juſtify.
Is England's *King* become a home-born Slave?
Both *Life*, and *Liberty*, to *Beg*, and *Crave*

From those Blood-sucking Rebels, who proceeds
From open *Traytors*, unto *Regicides*.
Is this the fate of *Kings*? what then must be
The just revenge of those who murther me?
If *Reason*, *Law*, *Religion*, this allow
To me their *King*, what dare injustice do
To these few Loyal *Subjects*, who have stood
With me in Tumults, to the Knees in Blood.
Unhappy Nation thrice! that dost not know
This Visitation day, and dismal blow.

Yet in my rigid Fate, *I'll* Kiss *the* Rod;
Submitting all (*in* Patience) *to my* God,
Without who's Providence, *there is not found*
A Lark, *or* Sparrow, *falling to the ground*.

Then (*since all* beings *bow at thy Command*)
Take Head, *and* Heart, *and* Crown, *into thine Hand*.
Since thou my Friends removed hast from me,
My Counsellor, Lord, *and my* Safe-guard *be*.
If thou thy Power, *and Presence me bequeath*;
I shall be more than Conqueror *in death*.
Though Faith *be flown*, *and* Truth *hath taken wings*;
Let me prove Faithful, *to the* KING of KINGS.

A

Reflection, on the Arreignment

OF

King Charles the First.

HEre lyes *Treason* in a *Trap*,
Rebellion did commit a *rape*
On *Loyalty*, and Traytours bring
The *Brat* of Treason, to the King:
To Father the *Hop-gobling Elf*,
Of Treachery, against *Himself*.
Then *Sophister* you plainly lie,
Qua malum cannot *appeti*;
But it is true (as it is said)
A *Crown* is of a *Cob-web* made.

In memoriam Caroli *primi decollati,*
Regis Magnæ Brittanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ, &c.

CAROLUS REX: anagramma: Cras ero Lux.

Ut CeCIDIt CaroLUs, CasU præCIsUs atroCI,
Cras LUX In CœLo, CLariOr InqUIt ero.

Engliſhed thus,

When *Charles* did fall,
And brake us all,
Struck through with fatal Sorrow;
He ſaid, I ſee,
That I ſhall be,
A *Star*, in Heaven to morrow.

An

An Elegy,

On the Murther and Martyrdome of CHARLES the First: King of Great Brittain, &c.

'TIs said late times, and Ages could but bring
Two names of *good* Kings graven in a Ring.
(three,
But CHARLES the *Great*, and *Good*, augments them
And leaves the World, a new TRIUMVIRI.
A *Black Swan* sure: a KING! that did excel
All Learned Subjects: under him did dwell
In his Dominions; what could be the cause?
'Gainst *Wisdom*, *Knowledge*, *Reason*, *Natur's Laws*;
Great Brittain slew *it self*, and Murthered
It's greatest Honour, and cut off it's Head.
Religion *kill'd* the CHURCH; and LAW did *fall*;
And LOYALTY did tax the *Crown* for all.
Great Brittain's *Blush*, rigidity of *Fate!*
Revenge, without the meanest cause of *hate!*
A Pious *King*, and *Master* of such Reason!
And *Murthered Martyr*, guilty of *High Treason!*
'Gainst

'Gainſt whom? I cannot tell; in *Love*, or *Hate*,
Nor no Man elſe, but ſay *it was his Fate*.
What *Contradictions*, and *Enigmaes* lye
Within the *Riddle* of this *Cruelty!*
But by paſt Ages, tell me if ye ſaw
KINGS clear'd by *Juſtice*, and condemn'd by *Law*.
What *Law*? Rebellion only, that dare bring
Objections in, againſt a *Lawful* KING.
But ther's no need (in ſuch *Self-murdering Treaſon*)
To knock down *Contradictions*, by ſound *Reaſon*.

On the ſame.

HEre lyes Aſhes *pure*, and *juſt*,
More pretious than the *Guiny-duſt*:
Our CHARLES, that was both *Good*, and *Great*,
Whom Envy murder'd in deſpite;
Cauſe his Perfections did appeal
The *World*, to ſhow his *Parallel*.
The cruel *Draco*, ne'r did bring
A Law, to *Murther* any KING;
But here's a *Madneſs*, made of *Muſt*,
Which Rebels only own as Juſt.
In *Brittain Great* he once did Reign
Both *King*, and *States-Man*, and *Divine*.

But

But here his great Crime only ſtood;
He was o'rballenc'd, *with too good.*
But dying *Martyr*, now we ſee
Non ultra in Humanitie.

Then Traytour *tell me if you can,*
(*Though* two parts Fruit, *and* third part Man:)
Was ever ſuch a paſſage ſeen?
Since Pilate peſter'd Paleſteen.

On the ſame.

COuld *Aſhes* ſpeak, or *Duſt* prove Eloquent.
Dead Bones would cry, and *Martyrs* wou'd la-
(ment
This diſmal *Darkneſs*, which did blind our Eyes;
Which *Law* conceals, and *Hiſtory* denies.
This doleful *Tragedy* may let us ſee,
That God's *Permiſſive* (ſometimes) in *decree.*
That Men may know, that he can bring to paſs
Wiſely his work, from *Satan's* Wickedneſs:
E'en ſo, he from this *Super-Treaſon* brings,
True *Loyalty*, to all ſucceeding *Kings.*
This *Bloody*, *Britiſh* blow may well detect,
What Treaſon is, and break *Rebellion's* Neck.
For (though 'tis mask'd up, in a *ſmiling* dreſs)
This turns it up, and ſhowes it's Nakedneſs.

A *Babel's Brat*, Engraven with diſgrace,
A *Regicide*, with a Religious face.
Here's REPUGNANTIA *real*, or at leaſt
Hirco-Cervus, or ſuch another beaſt.
A ſhow of *Law*, which ſuch fine tricks contains,
Can cut off *Kings*, and break the *hearts* of *Queens*,
Great Brittain's MONARCH ſpeechleſs here doth lye;
But cryes aloud the Nation's *Treachery*.
His very *Name* foretold his future ſtate,
By *Anagram*, *Crat ero Lux*; by Fate.
Which *Divine Providence* to him foretold,
The day before he *Suffer'd*, to uphold
Him in his *Death*; though ſome ambitious Men
Uſurp the Glory, to *their pedling Pen*.
His *Kingdom* was his *Croſs* which now doth burn,
And *melts* all *Loyal* hearts, to *Sigh*, and *Mourn*.
He famous was in *Life*, and *Death*: yet I
Could wiſh his *Life* to live, his *Death* to die.

CHARLES STUART.

Anagram.

THUS A CLEAR STAR, did only *ſet*, not *die*;
Parenthiſiz'd, not *ended Monarchy*.

King

King CHARLES the Second, in the *Oak*.

PRetending *Salus Populi*,
To be *Suprema* LEX;
Here CAROLUS was forc'd to fly,
When *Murdered* was REX.

Arbor honorétur, Cujus nos Umbra tuetur:

Heb.

Heb. 5. 8. *Although he was the Son, yet did he learn Patience by Suffering.*

BEhold and See,
Upon this *Tree*,
The *taſteleſs* Fruit, of *Treaſon*.
Whereby we know,
That here below,
Is little *Truth*, or *Reaſon*.

There's nothing ſure,
That doth endure,
By *Fate*, or *Chance*, (chooſe either)
Here ſits upon
This *Wooden Throne*,
Both KING, and PRINCE, yet *neither*.

Loe every *Bough*,
That here doth grow,
Make haſt, they know not whether;
And *envelop*,
Upon his Top,
To *Crown* him altogether.

Each *Leaf* I'll name
A *Diadem*;
O *Cruel Engliſh Nation!*

These trifles be
More *true* than *thee*,
Loe here's a *Demonstration*.

Then *Brittain* Great,
This *Emblem* write,
And grave it on thy *Nature*.
That henceforth thou
May still prove *true*,
And never play the *Traytour*.

On the Return of CHARLES the Second King of *Great Brittain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, &c.

Psal. 126. 1. *When the Lord turned again the Captivity of* Zion: *we were like them that Dream.*

WHen I cast up our by past *Miseries*,
And set our *Floods* of *Blood*, before mine *eyes*:
And then behold our now-returning *King*;
I'm ready both (at once) to *Weep* and *Sing*.
But *Melancholly*, hold; for why should I
My smile of *gladness*, from this *joy* deny?
Since *Providence* dispenseth us, a-pace
Such Miracles of *Mercy*, Acts of *Grace*.

As

As lately would have forc'd a *States-man* ſay,
Such things may be, but *per poſſibile*.
Our *Lawful King*, whom we had loſt before,
No Hoſt of *Men*; but *Angels* doth reſtore.
Who's Royal *Peace-portending Scepter* ſhowes,
What *Love* he to his *Loyal Subjects* owes:
His *flaming* Sword of *Juſtice* doth diſcry,
All *Traytours* ought, but *Regicides* muſt die.
Juſtice and *Mercy*, ſets us up on high:
Not as an *Object* of a new envy;
But that (with *Int'reſt*) they may us reſtore
All that we loſt, in *Civil-War* before.
Thus 'tis moſt true, what (commonly) is ſaid,
A Morning *clear*, ſucceeds an Evening *red*.

A Mournful Elegy,

ON

The Deplorable Death, of the Thrice *Vertuous*, *Religious*, and *Renowned* MARY, *Queen* to CHARLES the Firſt, *King* of *Great Britain*, &c.

HEre lyes *ſhe* that up did rear,
By ſtooping to a higher *Sphere*

Of

Of *Vertue*; where her *Memory*
Shall ever *live*, and never *die*.
She was our *Queen*, but *we* ingrate,
Threw *jewel* to her frowning *Fate*:
Who both by *Birth*, *Worth*, and *Renown*,
Defery'd a *Kingdom*, both, and *Crown*:
Yet she by *Fate* (or *Fortune* rather)
Had *both*, and yet poſſeſſed *neither*.
She was a *Mary* by her *Grace*,
An *Angel* by her comely *Face*,
Who's *Parts*, and *Perſon*, I may call
(In moſt reſpects) *Reciprocall*.
She with her *King*, our CHARLES the *good*,
Was almoſt ſunk in *Seas* of *Blood*.
But both endur'd the *Tempeſts* rage,
And ſwam a patient *Pilgrimage*.
Then MARY (ſince you overcame)
Take ARMY for your *Anagram*.

CAROLISMUS.

Or, The

Loyal Patient, on the Sovereign touch.

MOunt *Divine Muſe*, with *Loyal* Wings, and (fly
Above the *Sphere* of *common* Poetry.

Touch

Touch the *Cœlestial Orbs*, and sweetly sing,
And *celebrate* the praises of a *King*:
A *King* who's *Race* (unless experience lie)
Doth bear the Tincture, of a *Diety*:
Who from his *Cradle* upward, bore his *Cross*
Through Seas of *Blood*; who's Billows did him toss
From *Kingdom*, (both, and *Crowns*) but (all in vain)
The *King of Kings* restor'd them both again.
Yet (though the *Crown* be purifi'd from *dross*)
The *Kingdom* (sometimes) makes him bear his *Cross*.
But *Providence*, *Scarlet-Plots* detects;
And turns them round upon the *Traytour's* necks.
Then *Babel's brood*, smell (*Pope*-adoreing band).
A *Sweaty Toe*: I'll Kiss a *Sacred Hand*,
Who's *Health-restoring Faculty* is such,
It cures *Diseases*, by a *Soveraign Touch*.
Not by your *Romish*, *hocus*, *bear-say* tricks:
Nor *Babilonian*, *Holy-water* bricks.
Nor is't a vain *sophisticate* Relation,
Of *Pro*, or *Con*, but *real Demonstration*.
Hence then *hood-wink'd Impostors*; *get ye gone*,
Church-*Mountebanks*, stain of *Religion*;
Who *Controversie* end, but in *Contention*:
And work your *Miracles*, by *Apprehension*.

To

To His
Royal Highneſs
JAMES Duke of York.

JAMES STEWART: anagram: I: MASTER AT SEA.

ONe's *Name*, and *Fate*, do oft agree:
So may it with *your Highneſs* be,
Succeſsful, both at *Land*, and *Sea*.

On leaving the W out of the preceeding *Anagram*.

THe *Royal* Name will not admit
A *W*, to dwell in it;
Then to the *Royal* Race, and *True*,
Be *Real*, *Loyal*, *Single* U.

JAMES Duke of York.
Anagram:
Fa. Jeſ. do my Work.

I ſhall not care at all what *Men* can ſay,
So long as great *Jehovah* bears the ſway.

Meditatio Reg } alis { De } Curiæ Conjuration { ibus.
Ejaculatio Spiritu } { In } { es.

Eccles. 1. 14. *I have seen all the Works that are done under the Sun, and behold all is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.*
Psal. 58. 6. *Break their teeth O God in their Mouth:*

Meditatio Regalis.

THe Life of *Man*
Is but a *Span*,
That endeth like a *Taper*.
A Royal *Crown*
May tumble down:
Promotion's but a *Vapour*.

Ejaculatio Spiritualis.

Since thine's the Right,
(*Withal my might*)
Good God, *I unto* thee,
Both me, *and* mine;
Do all resign;
But only stand *for* me.

Meditatio.

Meditatio.

The *Church* doth moan,
The *State* doth groan,
And no man knows the *Reason*.
The *Court* doth cry
Conſpiracy;
The *Country* eccho's *Treaſon*.

Ejaculatio.

Iſcariots,
And and all their Plots,
Lord *fruſtrate: and deliver*
Both me, *and all*
Who on thee *call*;
That thou may'ſt reign for ever.

Meditatio.

Strength, *Wit*, and *Wealth*,
Beauty, and *Health*,
Are all but *Shaddowes* flying:
Ther's none that's ſure
To live one *Hour*;
Our whole *Lif*'s but a *dying*.

Ejaculatio.

In Earth, *and* Heaven,
All Power *is given*,
Lord Jeſus *unto* thee;

Then (*by thy might*)
Own thou my right;
My Sword, *and* Safe-guard *be*.

Meditatio.

Our *Life* doth run,
Below the *Sun*,
Ther's nothing that *abideth*;
'Tis here to *day*;
But flies away;
And in a *Moment* fadeth.

Ejaculatio.

Let Justice *reign*,
The Gospel *shine*,
Faith, Truth, *and* Mercy *be*
Our aim; *that all*
(*What e'r befal*)
May Center'd *be in* thee.

Bellum Intestinum:

A Battle 'twixt, *Nature*, and *Grace*:

Or,

A *Conference* between the *Watchful Shephard*, and the *Sleepy Soul.*

Gen. 25. 23. *The Elder shall Serve the Younger.*
Cant. 5. 4. *My Beloved put in his Hand by the hole of the Door, and my Bowels were moved for him.*
Rev. 3. 20. *Behold I stand at the Door, and knock.*

Shepherd.

Awake, poor *Soul*, and come away
From *sleep* of Sin, 'tis break of *day*;
Make *haste*; ther's no time to *delay*.

Soul.

Thy Invitation *I deny*:
In Worldly Pleasures *I do lye*;
Too sweet (*so soon*) *to be* lay'd by,

Let

Let thoſe who are decripit Old,
Delight to hear ſuch tidings *told*;
When ſpring *of* Youth *turns* winter *cold.*

Shepherd.

Me, Angels *praiſe*, and Men *adore*;
The Devils *tremble*, Seas doth *roar*,
Yet *flowes* no further than her *ſhoar.*

I with my Hand the Heavens do *ſpan*,
The *Wind* bind in my *fiſt* I can,
Yet my *delight* ſtill is with *Man.*

I di'd, that I *Death*'s *Death* might be.
I gave my *Life*, for life to *thee*:
And muſt I thus *requited* be?

Poor Soul, thy *Life* is but a *flower*,
That *ſprings*, and *withers* in an *hour*:
And *Satan* ſtands before the *Door.*

If *Death* ſtep in, and but make bold
Thy *ſhort* life's *Riddle* to unfold.
Wher's *ſpring* of *Youth*, or *winter* cold?

Soul.

I can not leave *my* Glaſs of Wine,
My dainty fare, Apparel *fine*,
For things, *they tell me are* Divine.

I muſt carouze *a while, and* rant:
My Revelling's *I will not* want;
And yet (for all) I'll die a Saint.

Shepherd.

Can *Dark*, and *Light* together dwell?
The one, the other, doth expel.
Such *Saints* are turned into *Hell.*

Take but a *ſound advice* of *me*;
Leave off the World's baſe *Slave* to be;
An *Hundred* fold I'll pay to thee.

Thy *Life* is but a *Sorrowes ſcheme,*
Thy *Pleaſures* are but flying *fame,*
And *droſs* to what ſhould be thy aim.

Soul.

Then tell but what thou'lt give to me?
And what I muſt pay *back to* thee?
Or if I ſhall receive all free?

And I will leave this World *behind,*
And follow thee; *becauſe I find*
My joyes *do but* moleſt *my mind.*

Shepherd.

Shepherd.

My Name is *Wiſdom*; and I ſtand
Far off; and yet I'm *nigh* at hand:
He's *Wiſe*, that anſwereth my *Command*.

Thou ſhalt have *me* (without a *ſting*)
Can make the *Dead*, *Rivive*, and *Sing*;
Content (in heart) like any *King*.

And what I give, I give it *free*;
All beings do belong to *me*:
Non entities I call to *be*.

When thou was't *Sin*, and *Satan*'s ſlave;
I ſuffered *Death*, thy *Life* to *ſave*;
And ranſom'd *poor thee*, from the *Grave*.

I have the *Hoſt of Hell* withſtood.
I Purifi'd *thee* with my *Blood*.
And this I did, *all* for thy *good*.

And now (leſt *Sorrow* on the ſeaſe)
I'm come to give thee (if thou *pleaſe*)
Sweet reſt, in ſtead of *ſenſual* eaſe.

Thou ſhalt have *earneſt* in this Life;
I'll be thy *Huſband*, thou my *Wife*:
I'll *keep* thee, in the *day* of *ſtrife*.

Soul.

Soul.

But I'm afraid my *Faith* decay.
And if I *faint*, and *fall* away;
Then ther's no after-*time* to *Pray*.

Shepherd.

I'll love thee *freely*, and I'll cure
All thy back-*slidings*; keep thee sure,
As long as life-time doth endure.

I'll *tie*, and *draw* the up above,
With *three*-fold Cord, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Love*;
And keep thee *spotless*, like a DOVE.

I have a *way* the Lyon's *paw*
Ne'r trac'd in *strength* of common *Law*,
Nor *Vultur's eye* yet ever saw.

Then follow *me*, and do not budge;
The stroak of *Justice* never grudge:
I'll be thy *Advocate*, and *Judge*.

I (by my *Spirit*) will repell
The *Devils*, who are the *gates* of *Hell*:
And thou with *me* shalt *ever* dwell.

I'll *Pilot thee* unto that *shoar*,
Where neither *Sea*, nor *Billowes* roar:
Nor *Satan* gives a broad-side more.

To *Heaven* of *Heavens* I will *thee* bring;
Thou shalt be *Subject*, I'll be KING:
Where thou shalt never *sigh* but *sing*.

My *Face* (for *Beauty*) thou shalt see:
For *Riches*, *Pearl* I'll give to *thee*;
And for my *Croß*, thy *Crown* I'll be.

Ther's ever *Light*, and *wholesome* Air:
For *Food*, and *Rayment*, take no care:
'Tis alwayes *Spring*, no *Winter* there.

Then ha'st thou *Wife*, or ha'st thou *none*;
Bring *Company*, or come *alone*,
Unto thy *Hoſt*, it is all *one*.

Ther's *Roomes* enough, none needs to *pry*,
They'r neatly *hung*, the fabrick's *high*:
But *none* comes in that makes a *lie*.

Soul.

I *riſe*, I *come*, I *run*, I *fly*:
My deareſt *Idol*, I deny.
I'll follow *thee*, untill I *die*.

If to the *exit* of my *Breath*,
Thy *Power*, *Spirit*, thou bequeath,
I ſhall endure the ſharpeſt *Death*.

PROMOTION.

Esther 7. 9. *And the King said, hang him thereon.*

PROMOTION is the *Pinacle*, from whence
Pride breakes the neck of a good *Conscience*.
A tott'ring *Piramid* of guilded Sorrow,
That's *built* to day, & *thrown* quite *down* to morrow:
For 'tis th' ambitious Man's Eye-sear to see
One great; and himself unadvanc'd to be,
Then leave the *Court*, and learn at *home* to dwell;
Lest that you end like wise *Achitophel*.

To a great *Oppressour*.

Prov. 22. 16. *He that Oppresseth the Poor to increase his Riches, and he that giveth to the Rich, shall surely come to want.*

IF I should a μετεμψύχωσις ho'd,
(As did *Pithagoras*) I likewise would
(By *Consequence*) affirm, and prove it too:
That *Nero's Ghost* inhabited in you.

Except (in this) you differ much from him;
That he was good in his *Quinquennium*.
But you are *Ill*, and ever have been *so*,
A *Basilisk* when in your *Embrio*.
Poor *Men*, and *Beggars*, you may freely *kill*;
Because you make as many as you will.

On the *Q. M.*

Religion in a twilight-skie,
Of wandering dark *Apostacy*,
The *Universe* survey'd; to find
Devotion in *a sincere* mind.
And with a *serious* look did spy,
Our *Queen's* unspotted *Majesty*:
Whose *Orb* of *Vertue* up did rear,
Above a Vicious *Hymisphere*.
And coming near unto her *Face*,
To add a *grace* unto her *Grace*;
She from the *World* (secure in Sin)
Rose up, and took *Religion* in.
Where (like a *Lamp*, in flaming *Zeal*)
It burns without a parallel.
For if a blemish *Faith* admit,
A *Pious* Life can cover it.

Could

Could *Bodies* but: as *Souls* be priz'd,
And *matter* be ſpiratualiz'd,
I ſhould determine her to be
Angelical, in *Pedegree*.
She is ſo *pure*, that ſure ſhe muſt
Be *Tranſubſtantiate*, out of *Duſt*.
She's free'd from, *Paſſion*, *Hate*, and *Spite*:
For *Innocence*, an *Adamite*:
Then learned *Reader*, tell (I pray)
If *Angels* can be made of *Clay*.

On the *D. Y.*

YOu half compleated *Ladyes* all,
Whoſe *Parts*, and *Vertues* are but ſmall;
Would you *Perfection's pattern* ſee?
For *Wiſdom*, and for *Gravitie*.
This Lady's *Idea* take, and place
As't were a *Glaſs*; before your Face:
That when you caſt your Eye upon *her*,
You mind your *Vertue*, both and *Honour*;
And (tracing her) your Fame may rear,
And fly up, to a higher *Sphere*.
Her *Name*, her *Fame*, and real *Grace*
Make up a *Conſort*, in her Face.

Which

Which (*Muſick* like) without diſguiſe,
Doth *charm*, not *cheat* beholders eyes.
Her *praiſes* no Man can rehearſe
Enough; in *proſe*, nor yet in *verſe*.
Believe, or *not*, then chooſe you whether,
But *England* ſhew me ſuch another.

On a Beautiful Young *Lady*.

ONce *Beauty*, *Vertue*, *Wiſdom*, *Grace*,
Conveined in a certain place.
And altogether did combine,
To make a *Feminine* Divine:
And flying *ſwiftly* on a-pace,
Did light upon this *Lady*'s face:
And having all they ſtood in need,
They to the *Work* did thus proceed.
BEAUTY (to make her all delight)
Did bring a *Roſe*, was *red*, and *white*:
And in a ſmiling *Bluſh* did skip,
From Cherry *Cheek*, to Scarlet *Lip*.
Then VERTUE laugh'd at *Beauty*'s weed,
As needful but *Secundum quid*.
And (with a gentle flame) refin'd
Her eye, the *Index* of her mind.
Then WISDOME *Vertue* gave a check,
And did her overſight detect;

In

In *over-ſparkling* of her Eye,
To tempt to *Vice*, or breed *envy*.
Then having (with a pierceing flaſh)
Made *Vertue* proof, of *Beauty's* daſh.
The one ſhe ballenc'd with the other;
That both might *live*, and *die* together.
Then GRACE came in a gentle gale,
And ſet her *Soul* all under ſail.
And (nimbly) flew a *modeſt* race,
With all the *three*, and gain'd her *face*:
And from her *Mouth*, and ſparkling *Eye*;
O'rſpread her whole *Phyſiognomy*.
Yet ſhe no *Critick* did commence,
To *Reaſon* ſlight, or baniſh *Senſe*,
Or ſet at nought the other *three*;
Because of her *precedencie*.
But granted them a dwelling place,
Within the *Suburbs* of her *Face*:
Subjecting only them to pay
Devotion's Tribute, every day.

A Divine Poem, on the
Unparallel'd and Religious
Mrs. *M. F.*

GOD ſaid to *Jeremy* ſeek out, and find,
A *Righteous* Man, that's of an [illegible]

Who seeketh *Truth*, and *Judgment*, and for *him*
I'll freely pardon all *Jerusalem*.
These are the *latter* dayes, wherein abound
All *Heresies*, and *Faith* can scarce be found:
Yet in this *Woman*, Mortals all may see
A *Demonstration*, of *Divinity*.
In *Infancy*, all her Acquaintance knew,
She promis'd *Fruit*, before her *Blossome* blew,
But when the *Vintage* of her age drew nigh,
She yeilded *Grapes*, was ripe in *Piety*.
Her thoughts are all *Seraphick* Meditations,
Her words are *pure*, *Divine Ejaculations*.
Her workes are such, that in the darkest night,
To wandering *Souls* they give a joyful *light*.
She knowes to quote the *Scriptures* in each part,
As if she had the *Bible*, all by heart.
Her *Heart* and *Soul*, in *pray'r* and *praises* pants,
For *Faith*, that once was given to the *Saints*.
She in the *Truth*, resolves to *live* and *die*,
And fight the whole *World* of *Apostacy*.

Then spare us Lord (*according to thy Word*)
And view this Woman, *e're thou draw thy* Sword.
Tet though the World (*to us*) *may seem to lie*
Blind in a Mist, of dark Apostacy:
Tet thy all-seeing eye, can see and keep,
More than seven thousand, marked for thy Sheep.

On

On Mrs. S. G.

I love a comely *Maid*, whose face
Doth promise *Vertue*, *Wisdom*, *Grace*.
And in her smiling *blush*, and *eye*,
The *Summe* of all *Perfections* lye.
She's none of those spends half the day,
In *pinning* fine, and goes to *play*.
But in a *plain*, (yet *comely*) dress;
Looks *smartly* after business.
This is the *Pearl* which I do prize;
The spotless *Object*, of mine eyes.

To Mrs. S. G.

THy comely *face*, and stedfast *eye*,
Thy *Wisdom*, *Vertue*, *Chastity*,
Did (with a blushing flash divine)
Subdue this *little World* of mine.
Subjecting *humbly* me, to pay
My *Sighes* for *Tribute*, every day.
'Tis quite against the Law of *War*,
To murther any *Prisoner*:
And chiefly me, who did surrender
To *thee*, a *Feminine Commander*,

Then let me *dwell* (though live or die)
Under the *Sun-shine* of your eye.
For if your *frown* of *Life* deprive,
Your *smiling look* can make alive.
Then *Phillis* dear it is my will
That I remain in *Prison* ſtill:
For if thy Heart my Priſon be,
My *Turaldome* ſhall be more than free.

An Acroſtick on Mrs. *J. H.*

I nvincible *cruel*, yet love's *All-delight*.
A dmirable *comely*, that *Suiters* doſt ſlight.
N e'r think a *Complexion* compoſed of *Clay*,
E ndureth for ever, and ne'r will decay.

H ark here in thine ear, and I'll tell thee the *truth*:
O nce when a *Maid* paſſeth the flowr of her *youth*,
R egraiting ſhe oft doth exclaim (though in vain)
T o think that ſhe *Love*, did requite with *diſdain*.
O then be not *cruel*, but take to a Mate.
N othing than *Old Maids*, is more out of date.

On

On Mrs. *E. F.*

GRave *Beauty*, *Wiſdome*, *Chaſtity*,
Flew up into *Perfection*'s sky:
T' eſpy a *Virgin*, did excel,
With which they could both *live* and *dwell*.
And as they *ſeriouſly* did view
The Latitude o' *fifty two*:
On *London*'s *Change*, they there did ſee
A Lady FRANK, but nothing *free*.
And as they view'd her *ore* and *ore*,
They lik'd her ſtill the *more* and *more*.
Yea when they had *ſeverely* prov'd her,
In all reſpects, the more they lov'd her.
And did determine her to be
Of *Maids*, the ſole *Monopolie*.
Erected in a *publick* place,
To ſerve them for a *Looking-Glaſs*.
Therefore they flew into her *Face*,
Poſſeſſing each their *proper* place;
Concluding all to keep her *ſure*,
As long as *Life*-time ſhould endure.
Then *Love-ſick* Lovers, all in fire,
That's almoſt ready to expire,
Draw the *Effiges* of her face;
So *comely*, and ſo full of *Grace*.

She'll cure you of your *vain* diſeaſe,
And ſet your Languiſh't *Soul* at eaſe:
Unleſs you with a *wanton* eye,
Commit a *Rape* on *Chaſtity*:
And force her *frown*, (inſtead of *ſmile*)
To cauſe you *Penance* do a while;
'Mong ſt thoſe who ſtrive (although in vain)
To gain *Affection*, by a *ſtain*.
For though at *firſt* ſhe ſeem to be
United, to *Complaiſancie*:
To ſhun Extreams, ſhe well doth know,
That *Vertue* in a midſt doth goe.
Her Face ſays *Come*; Heart, *Get ye gone*:
The *Torrid*, and the *Frozen-Zone*,
Are ſo well plac'd within her *Sphere*,
That one can with another bear.
Yet he that would his bold *Armes* make,
This *little World's*, proud *Zodiack*,
Of all the *Signes*, muſt admit none,
But pureſt *Virgo* all alone.

A Paſſionate Love-Complement TO Mrs. *R. G.*

O thou my Heart, and Soul's *delight*!
And *Idol* of mine eye!

That's

That's Red, and *Alablaſter*-white,
In thy *Phyſiognomy*:
O that thou would'ſt but yield to me,
That little *World* of thine:
I more then Conquerout ſhould be,
And (like a *Monarch*) reign.

Was ever one of *Adam*'s Race
Compleat, in every part,
So amiable in the *Face*,
And loveleſs in the *Heart*.
Can not my *Floods* drown thy diſdain,
Thy frowning *Tempeſt* ſwage;
Nor fainting flaming Heart, once gain
No ground, nor Weather-gage.

Rebecca fair did greatly fear,
When *Nature* ſtrove with *Grace*:
And thou her *Name-ſake* now doſt bear
A *Cruel*, *ſmiling*-face.
Then let old *Hate* to *Love* ſuccumb,
The *Triumph* ſhall be mine;
And when our *Marriage* day ſhall come,
Thou wil't be all *Divine*.

She'll cure you of your *vain* diſeaſe,
And ſet your Languiſh't *Soul* at eaſe:
Unleſs you with a *wanton* eye,
Commit a *Rape* on *Chaſtity*:
And force her *frown*, (inſtead of *ſmile*)
To cauſe you *Romance* do a while;
'Mong ſt thoſe who ſtrive (although in vain)
To gain *Affection*, by a *ſtain*.
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Yet he that would his bold *Armes* make,
This *little World's*, proud *Zodiack*
Of all the *Signes*, muſt admit none,
But pureſt *Virgo* all alone.

A Paſſionate Love-Complement TO Mrs. *R. G.*

O thou my Heart, and Soul's *delight*!
And *Idol* of mine eye!

That's

That's Red, and *Alablaſter*-white,
In thy *Phyſiognomy*:
O that thou would'ſt but yield to me,
That little *World* of thine:
I more then Conquerout ſhould be,
And (like a *Monarch*) reign.

Was ever one of *Adam*'s Race
Compleat, in every part,
So amiable in the *Face*,
And loveleſs in the *Heart*.
Can not my *Floods* drown thy diſdain,
Thy frowning *Tempeſt* ſwage;
Nor fainting flaming Heart, once gain
No ground, nor Weather-gage.

Rebecca fair did greatly fear,
When *Nature* ſtrove with *Grace*:
And thou her *Name-ſake* now doſt bear
A *Cruel*, *ſmiling*-face.
Then let old *Hate* to *Love* ſuccumb,
The *Triumph* ſhall be mine;
And when our *Marriage* day ſhall come,
Thou wil't be all *Divine*.

The

The Luke-warm Lover:

OR

A Poem ſent by *J. F.* to his Slighting Mrs.

POor ſimple *Girle*, think'ſt thou that I
Am ſo *Love-ſick* for thee to die.
Or that my *Reaſon* can not rear,
Above a Female *Hemiſphere*.
Or that my *Intellect* came ſo raſh on,
T'enſlave my Soul, to Lov's ſweet paſſion.
No no to think be not ſo vaini
That I'm all *Liver*, and no *Spleen*:
And that my Phancy's bound in Duty,
On'y to dote upon your *Beauty*.
The ſuperfices of a face,
If deſtitute of inward Grace,
Is but a *Hedge-Hogg*, in diſguiſe,
To cheat, and charm Beholder's eyes.
Then ſpeak your *Mind*, and be not *Mute*:
I'm down-right, be you abſolute.
As *Love* that's Lazie towards *Marriage*,
Breaks off, and endeth in Miſcarriage.
And (for the moſt part) it is ſeen,
That *Maids* (in age) about ſixteen,

Have

Have more *Sweet-hearts*, to ſuit and wooe them
Then ever after do come to them.
Then ſtand not out, but take advice:
A Maid ſtrait-lac'd yields little price.
For ſhe that's of a ſlighting mind,
And laughs at Suitors, oft doth find
The *Roſe* and *Lolly* of her *May*,
To fade and wither quite away.
When Nature cryes, *Thou Fool give place*
To Hoary Hairs, and wrinkly face,
She'll Sigh and Sing, that diſmal Song;
I have remain'd a Maid too long:
And wiſh to have (although in vain)
A ſlighted Suiter back again.
In fine fair Maid, forbear to ſcoff:
I do draw near, ſtand you not off:
If you ſlight me as heretofore,
I'll never henceforth love you more.

Love's Valedictory:

OR

J. G. His Farewel to his Mrs.

SHall I to one,
Whoſe Heart's like *Stone*,
Impriſon'd be in Love.

And

And yet's but said,
To be a *Maid*,
And doth Inconſtant prove.

No ſure I'll live a *Caleb* life;
A Monarch in my mind:
Free'd from the Furies of a Wife,
That's conſtant like the Wind.

λογόναχία

OR

A *Word-fight* betwixt an *Engliſh* Man, a *Dane*, and a *Dutch*.

A *Dutch*, a *Dane*, and *Engliſh* Man,
Carouſing with a merry *Can*.
Did (when their Brains were ſet on high)
Strive for Superiority.
And (in a rant) began to bring
Their Glory, from the greater King.
The *Engliſh* ſaid (as in a huff)
Mine's *Britain's* King; and that's enough,
Whom I in no reſpect will ſtage
With any *King*, that's in this age.
Then ſaid the Denmarker; 'tis true,
Dutch and *Dane* ſuccumb to you:

Your *King* unparellel'd most be,
As sole Commander, of the Sea.
The great *Mogul* thus giveth doom;
On him: "He slights the *Pope* of *Rome*,
"Nor would he give a Scot's *Bo-bee*,
"For Brother *Ottoman*, and me.
And yet our royal race renoun'd,
Hath been with Glory's greatness crown'd:
And in this one thing equals yours:
In being chosen *Emperours*.
And what is more our ANN: (by name)
Did wear your Royal Diadem.
Yea all the Glory, and Renown
That hangs upon Great *Brittain's* Crown.
(In some respect) belongeth now
To *Denmark*, and to *Holland* too,
Since, &c.

When *York* and *Lanchaster* did bring
Their Bloody War, within a Ring.
To see it was a great delight,
The red Rose *hugg*, and *kiss* the white,
The flaming Sword before that burn'd
Unto a *Scepter*, streight was turn'd.
Even so since *Denmark*, and the States
Of *Holland*, be unite by Mates,
To *England's* Royal Race, and sky
Of unecclipsed *Majesty*.
Let no old rancour, hence remain
Twixt *Brittain*, *Saxon*, *Scot*, or *Dane*.

Nor let no Controversie be,
Nor Bloody War, by *Land*, or *Sea*.
But saves your lives, *&c.*

The *Dutch* Man hearing this grew bold,
And Swearing **Sacrament**, he told,
Ons heerlijk Hendrick Broeder Deen,
Brave **grave van Nassow, ook van** Spain,
Prins van Oranje, needs must be
The **tweede** Ruler of the Sea.
He's **Hogan Mogan, na** Dane **bleeter.**
Waer he Getrouwt, &c.
A Sturdy *Scot*, then started up;
And Preach'd thus ore a rowzing Cup,
God bless them all by Land, and Sea,
And her's a Health, to all the three.

Apage Satan:
OR
A Poem on the *Turk's* defeat at *Vienna.*

HOld Passenger and gently jog;
I'll tell thee news of *Hamon-gog*:
A Beast-like Man, half *Horse* and *Hogg*:
Was ape to *Alexander*.

And

Who (confidently) did presume,
That he could conquer *Christendome*,
And overthrow the *Pope* of *Rome*;
And be the World's *Commander*.

Therefore he did together call,
His *Janizaries* great and small:
And he on *Germany* did fall:
And camp'd against *Vienna*.
But as his *Mufty* up did rear,
This new *Seraglio*, in the Air,
The *Christians* panted forth a pray'r,
Did fright him like *Gehenna*.

There came an Army from the East,
Resolv'd the *Riddle* of the *Beast*,
Made *Magog* march, and fly in haste,
And leave his *Tools* behind him.
But now (as mad in great dispair)
He threatens *Pope*, and *Prince of Air*:
Therefore let *Christians* all take care,
For chains of *Balls* to bind him.

His *Holiness*, and *Majesty*
Call'd *Christian*; can not well deny,
To aid the *German* with supply,
That never will surrender.

Then **Hogan Mogan**, *Sweed* and *Dane*,
Unite your Forces all with *Spain*:

Let *Brittain's Monarch* rule the *main*;
And prove true *Faith's Defender*.

He's a *Pedantick*, Bedlame-*Tom*,
That fights a Neighbour King at home,
To *pimp* the *Turk*, to *Christendome*:
To cause the fire run further,
He to *Grand Seignior* quotes an *ace*,
That *Ottoman* may turn the chase,
And root out every Royal race,
And Loyal Subjects *Murther*.

The wandering *World* see with their eyes,
Who 'tis himself that deifies,
The *Father* and the *Son* denies,
And since the *Beast* is wounded:
Pray live in *peace* and *love*, at home,
And fight the Foe of *Christendome*,
That he whose right it is may come,
And *Babel* be confounded.

Rejoyce in Triumph:
OR
A *Plaudite* on the *Ottoman's* defeat at *Vienna*.

I'm glad to hear the *Cannon* roar,
Resounding from the *German* shoar,

Bette

Better news, than heretofore:
That *Babel's* Beast is wounded!
Then *Christians* brave, both all, and some,
Charge with Horse and Kettle-Drum,
The Enemy of *Christendome*;
Till *Turks* be quite confounded.

The King of *Poland* in a phraze,
The great Grand *Seignior* did amaze;
And with a noise his siege did raise,
Couragious *Solymanus*
If thou resolv'st to come again,
Thou must recruit both might, and main:
Or else it will be all in vain,
To think that thou'lt trapan us.

His *Christian Majesty* of *France*,
Doth Booty play, the *German* dance,
And he doth laugh at our mischance,
Himself he dare not venter.
But pimp the *Beast*, to *Babels Whore*,
And he *Bo-peep* stand, at the door,
Until the wanton Cannon roar:
Then *Hector* like he'll enter.

But shite on *Turk*, and great *Mogul*,
A *Pox* upon the Scarlet *Trull*:
And we the *Poppie* too dare pull,
If CHARLES but be *Commander*.

For

For (though the neutral ſeem to be)
He can command both *Land* and *Sea*,
And overthrew the big-look'd three;
And trace brave *Alexander*.

Then let no rancour joyn'd with hate,
Make Ruptures in the Church or State:
But all ſubmit to divine fate,
And keep within our border.
Let none old England then forſake;
Since Crownes and Kingdomes ly at ſtake,
A Forreign War to undertake,
Till CHARLES give further order.

The *German* tell that heretofore
They Captive took one *Bull* and *Boar*;
The *Minotaurus* of a Whore,
That roar'd like any thunder.
Then P. P. could this be,
The Bugg-bear ramphant of the Sea,
Whoſe army was to fight with thee,
And force the World to wunder.

But *Ottoman* pray get thee gone:
The *Chriſtians* doe but draw you on,
They'l greater booty have or none,
And if you'l not prevent it
If e're you turn your Face this way,
We'l make the *Cannon Muſick* play,
And you muſt dance the *York-ſhire* hay,
Till all your *Bands* lament it.

Then

Then fill the Piſs-pot to the Swine,
Heap me a rouzing Glaſs with Wine,
The dancing *Thames* ſhall pledge the *Rhyne*,
And *Tyber* ſhall be *Preſes*.
Then here's to CHARLES that rules the main,
To *Poland*, *Holland*, *Sweed*, and *Dane*:
To *Germany*, and brave *Lorrain*,
But pray you *Potus ne ſit*.

A Song, Sung by the Greenwich-Green-coats, to ſhew their thankfulneſs, to their adopted Father, and Entertainer; The Right Honourable, Sr. William Bozeman, Knight.

SOme doe conclude
Ingratitude,
To be the chief of Evils:
And every Brat,
That is Ungrate,
Not like to Men, but Devils.
Then why ſhould I
My Mite deny;
I'll pay it ev'ry hour Man;
My voice I'll raiſe,
My God to praiſe,
And bleſs Sir *William Bertman*.

He

He doth me feed,
And likewise breed,
In Fruitfull education.
Whereby I know,
To undergoe
A Christian vocation.
If speechless I
Were like to dye,
And but to live an hour Man:
My leaping Heart
Should play it's part,
And sigh Sir *William Borgman.*

A thing that's bought
Is good for nought
And filthy Lucre meerly:
But he did bring
An Offering,
Was good, and gave it freely.
My God above
I'll fear and love,
Though I should dye a poor Man.
I'll Honour bring,
Unto my King,
And bless Sir *William Borgman.*

All gifts decay,
And fade away;
But Divine love doth never.

'Tis

T'is allwayes ſeen
To Flourith Green,
And doth endure for ever.
My comely dreſs,
That's Green like Graſs,
Showes that it will endure then,
T' immortalize,
And cannonize,
The brave Sir *William Boreman.*

Then *Green-coats* all,
Both great and ſmall,
I do you all adjure then;
Both Night and Day,
You ever pray,
God Bleſs Sir *William Boreman*
His *obſequies*
Shall be our *cryes*;
His *funeral* our *Mourning*:
Untill he Fly
Above the ſky;
From whence is no returning.

A PROLOGUE

To a play entituled, *The Indian Empress.*

A TRAGEDY *acted by some young Ladyes at* Green-wich.

THis is that famous place, where once did dwell
Our *Virgin* Queen, who did her sex excell.
Then we her train may enter, (not intrude,
With in her Sphere;) yet in her Latitude:
To chear our minds, beyond the sink of sorrow,
As lesser Stars: Therefore we dare to borrow,
A Beam of boldnesse, from her Mid-day sky;
And pay't in blushes, to her Memory.

Then Noble Sirs, and vertuous Ladyes all,
And you beholding hearers, great, and small.

W'are not come here, fond *Foppʼryes* to defray;
Dark riddles, and *Enigmas* to display:
Nor *Exorcisms*, and spels of Eloquence,
To captivate sound Reason, unto sense.
Nor great exploits of valour to rehearse,
Which ne're was heard before; in Prose, or Verse:
No no you are mistaken, pray forbear;
Such Antick tricks are far below our Sphere.
Of this our present Meeting, the intent
Is but to have some grave divertisement:

To

To elevate our modeſt mindes on high,
To chaſe black Melancholy, from the sky (mence
Of our chaſt thoughts; which dare not once com-
Beyond the bluſh, of modeſt confidence:
Nor are we ſo much captivate with fears,
To fawn our Words, in favour with your Ears:
Nor lop the *Logicks*, for fine *Sylogiſms*;
To diſpoſſeſſe your Mindes of *Critticiſms*.
We no Apology to *Criticks* make;
Since what we pleaſe to give, they needs muſt take,
Or let alone: becauſe the very ſame
May reliſh us, that favours not with them.
And 'tis a *Maxim, that he's ne'r at eaſe*
Who ſtrives the humours of all men to pleaſe
Yet hope the Diſhes of this Tragick-feaſt
Shall neither be ſo Taſtleſs, nor ill dreſt;
To cauſe the Taſter, afterwards repent,
Nor think when he is gone, the time ill ſpent.
The ſubject's not ſo ſoure, but that one may
Suck ſweet from it, and carry witt away.
None can expect a tender Bud that *Springs*,
To equalize the Fruit, that *Autumne* brings
The year is more than common kinde to him,
Who puls ripe Grapes, before the vintage come.
Even ſo the firſt Fruits of our ſixteen years,
Comes ſhort to that which thirty and odd bears.
Then (in good part) to take, pray be content,
What humbly to your Patience, we preſent.
And all we beg your clemency is this,
You pick the good, and cover what's amiſs.

EPILOGUE.

WE bring no after claps to foure your ſweet,
As when good fellows at a Tavern meet:
Who having ſung, and drunk their ſorrows down;
The Land-Lord ſings the diſmall Reckoning Tune,
We cure not Melancholy by diſeaſe;
We crave no coyn, nor thanks, unleſs you pleaſe,
The tender buds of our young ſmiling ſpring
We did preſent, a free-will offering.
Thus if your Diſhes have been badly dreſt;
Your Pockets are not with rewards oppreſt.
And yet this play no Prentiſe is in ſport;
It ſerv'd it's time (in Confidence) at Court.
And what is more, (without a trembling fear)
Found welcome acceſs, to his *Sacred Ear*.
I hope it may then with your credit ſtand,
To taſt his Diſhes, though at ſecond hand.
For (though they be ſet in another frame.)
The ſubſtance of the play is ſtill the ſame.
Yet all at firſt we profered was this,
Y'are welcome (if ye pleaſe) to ſhare with us
But if ye have not found a recreation,
Agreeing to your Amorous expectation.
W'are not to blame, nor was it ever known,
A Tree to bear; the Bloſſom yet unblown.
Then pray accept (for all that is your due)
This earneſt of reſpects, we owe to you:
And we ſhall pay (when *witt* accutely bears,)
Your ſum of Service, in our riper years.

Ano-

Another PROLOGUE

To Criticks Auditors and Spectators.

WEe'r not come here, to pleaſe your Pallats;
By ſinging Tuns, and Ryming Ballads;
As if w' had nothing elſe to doe,
But cut out curious knacks for you:
And as our actions did depend
Upon a not concerned hand;
No ſure; we Act this Tragick play,
No Maſter-piece, but an *Eſſay*
Of our freſh wits; and not of ſenſe:
To learn a Modeſt confidence.
All wanton words we doe defy,
Our Tongues are tip'd with Modeſty;
And all vain objects we deſpize;
Behold us then with pure, chaſt Eyes.
And if your expectation finde
A Paſſage, pleaſing to your minde,
Thrice Noble Sirs, and Ladyes grave,
We humbly your acceptance crave.
And this is all that we require,
We ſhall fulfill our whole deſire.
But if it be your hardened will
To Carp, and play the Critick ſtill:
The Garter-Gamball we will dance,
Call'd, *Honi ſoit qui Mal y penſe.*

The A-B. C.

On the ſlow building of St. Pauls *Church.*

2 Sam. 7: 2. *The King ſaid unto* Nathan *the Prophet, ſee now, I dwell in an Houſe of Cedar, but the Ark of God dwelleth within Courtains.*

I *Bluſh* for ſhame, and *ſigh* as I paſs by;
To ſee *God's* houſe, thus like a *Dung-hill* ly.
When *City*, and the *Suburbs* both are done,
And built in querpo-cut, with Brick, and Stone.
This *Demonſtration* is enough, to prove
Us froze in *Zeal*, and but luck-warm in *Love*.
Our *Saviour* went, us *Manſiones* to prepair,
And ſhall not we this one *Hou's* ruins rear,
I'll ſay no more, but ſigh, *and* pray, *that we*,
May our King CHARLES *the* Zerobabel *ſee.*

AN ELOGIUM,

On D. C. *Miniſter of* Marget, *in the* Iſle *of* Thannet.

THis is the *Pearl-like-Porch*, through which firſt
The Goſpel-light, to our *Jeruſalem*: (came
Which

Which with a gracious Gale, or ſplendent ray,
Did blow, and baniſh *Atheiſm* away.
The Divine Porter of this Sacred gate
Is one, whom Church, and State Homologate.
No Wolf, nor Hireling, nor the World's Slave.
But left the Fleece, that he the Flock might ſave.
No private malice, nor Hypocricy,
Doth choak his word, 'ere it can Fructifie.
No legall Warr, compulſion, nor conſtraint,
Doth force his Flock (in frowns) to pay him rent.
He cares to feed the old, with divine truth;
And in good learning, educate their youth.
His fervent pray'rs prevail at Sea and Land;
With him who made the Sand, a ſwadling band.
He prayes his People ſafe, and they doe bring
A *gratis* gift, or free-will offering.
Thrice happy Preacher, yea and hearers all;
Where both embrace, in Love reciprocal.
O Divine Saint! in all reſpects compleat;
Who in the fall of Years ſends forth ſuch fruit.
The Iſland I *In terminis* appeal,
To ſhow another, that's his Parellel.

His R. H. D. Y. to S. G. G. H.
When he was made **Chancellour** of S.

DEſerving *Subject*, of a *Loyal* Name; (ſame
Which to our Race, hath ever prov'd the
Lord

The Chanc'lor's place we do conſer on you,
As earneſt, of your ſumme of *merits* due.
Till Death, not fault; that cannot be ſuppoſ'd
In you, we have ſuch confidence repoſ'd.
It were a *the's* well worthy of the Preſs,
If Loyalty ſuch can take more or leſs.
Then grudge not envy; though I dearly prize
His Son, who died Rebellion's Sacrifice,
For him—But hold my Paſſion I'll refrain,
Leſt I diſcover *Brittain's* blot again.
Thrice *Loyal* then, mind (and I'll add no more)
What *Phebus* ſaid to *Phaeton* before.

The London-Folly.

Act. 18. 23. *For as I paſſed by and beheld your Devotions*, &c.

IN *London*, as I walk'd up *Fiſh-ſtreet Hill*,
I ſaw a *Tow'r* or *Alter* (which ye will)
Whoſe lofty top was *elevate* ſo high,
It touch'd the *Clouds* I thought, and pierc'd the *Skie*.
I had concluded (but I ſaw it Stone)
That it had been the *Tow'r* of *Babylon*.
I could not read th' Inſcription, which it had;
But meeting with a Paſſenger, I ſaid;
Pray Sir, what means this *Phancie*, and what need
Is there of ſuch a ſtately Pyramid.

"My

"My Friend (said he) our City hath been burn'd
"Of late, and unto *dust* and *ashes* turn'd.
"Therefore we built this *Tow'r* of hewen Stone:
"A *Monument* thereof, to watch upon,
"And this our case at present doth require,
"Lest that we perish from the *Earth*, by *Fire*.
I answer'd, it had been more *Christian*,
T' have built a *Church*, where first the *Fire* began;
A place convenient both for *Pray'r* and *Praising*,
And not an *Object* only fit for *gazing*.
Though Night & Day, you keep by *Might* & *Main*,
Unless God watch the *City*; al's in vain.
But I admire the Phancie, and can tell,
I saw a *Statue-Steeple* without a Bell;
And 'tis *Devotions Paradox*, to see
A *Chimney* set up, where a *Church* should be.

The French Tropick-bird
Or
Madam Travalzie's Train.

Ha ha a Woman with a Tail!
That's full six yards long, and a nail:
Of all vain fashions this is one,

Was never ſeen by *Solomon*.
Shall I believe mine own Eyes,
That gravity ſuits ſuch diſguiſe.
An object ſuch I never ſaw,
But Sheep once in *Arabia*.

O pardon *Madam* my miſtake,
I took you for a Rattle-ſnake;
Or elſe the bird that's call'd *Cuckow*,
That keeps a ſubſequent like you.
But Lady *Long-tail* if you pleaſe,
I will you of your burden eaſe:
Tye to your britch a bag to bear it,
Your Jack-page Rapier will not tear it.
And you Tail-bearing Gentleman;
Leſt contrar-windes make Hurrican,
When you perceive, a North-Eaſt gale
Stand clear, and hale the Mizen-ſail.

A POEM *preſented to one whoſe Loyalty was Suſpected.*

THeſe Wind-work vapours which doe fly,
Like Snow-Balls ſquirted at your skie,
To batter down your Loyalty.

Are but the emblems of diſdain,
Or Cob-web ſquibs, that's thrown in vain:
Which without blot, fall off again. Then

Then let *Beelzebub* tear and shout
Among the mad distracted rout,
Till he come who can cast him out.

A Reply to a Pasquil:
OR
A sound Advice to the Unknown Author of the Ironical Rhyme, or Satyr written on his *Grace*, the D. of M. Entituled Jemmy Returned.

PEace *Poetaster*, *parasite* of time;
Thou flattering *Sycophant*, disgrace of ryme:
Who with Ironic jeers, dost strive to sport,
And fawn thy self, in favour with the *Court*.
Think'st thou *His Royal Highness*, or the KING,
Desires *'timist protani*, to bring
A *Coward's* quill, that's diped in disgrace:
T'affront his Son, and stain the Royal *Race*.
The great *Apostate Julian*, taught thee this,
To Murther *Monmouth*, with a *Judas-Kiss*.
Pedantick Rymer, thy *Muse* is a *Mine*:
Thy quil's the *Arrow* of a *Porcupine*.
Which will at last turn *Immanent*, and dart
The squint-ey'd *Archer*, deeply to the Heart.

Turn ore the leaf, but of this preſent age,
Bring *Bo-peep's Paſquils* back upon the ſtage.
Thou'lt find ſuch *Libels* (more than any thing)
Bred *Civil War*; which murthered our *King*.
Mind him who ſaid: *Inſipid Wretch of Nature,*
I love the Treaſon, but I hate the Traytour.

Perillu's Bull:
OR
A Blow to the Hang-Man.

THou *Homo-brutus* (out of doubt)
That's *Beaſt within*, and *Man* without;
Whoſe Name's enough to over-vex
Thee *Hang-man*, or thee *Carnifex*:
Preſum'ſt thou that thou'lt never die,
But live to all *Eternity*:
To ſhun the wages, of thy trade:
Which *Juſtice* ſurely will have pay'd.
Thou *Wicked Wretch* doſt thou not fear,
That thou'rt the *Scape-goat*, that doſt bear
The guilt of guiltleſs *Blood* that's ſhed,
By Falſe *Accuſers*; and art made
The Rod, of God's great Indignation:
To *Plague*, and *Puniſh* every Nation.
Know then thou Beaſt with *Humane* Face,
As God to Man, gives *Grace* for *Grace*.

So

So he from him that hath not, *takes*
That little which he hath; and makes
Him Execute his Juſt Decrees,
Of *Vengeance*: as to this agrees
Proud *Pharoah*, whom he did obdure,
To ſhow his *Juſtice* and his *Power*;
And ſet him up, that he might be
A *Caveat*, to Poſteritie.
Then (to conclude) O Poor Man know,
Offences ſure muſt come; but woe
To him, by whom: O thrice forlorn!
It had been good he'd ne'r been born.

On the Memory Of the Right Honourable, the Earl of OSSORY.

Rebels hold off, and *Traytours* come not nigh
Theſe *Sacred* aſhes, of pure *Loyalty*.
Tis *Oſſory* lyes here, *Good*, *Juſt*, and *Wiſe*,
Who ſtop'd the Flood-gate of your Villanies;
Of noble *Race*, and of a Loyal *Line*;
Politique *States-man*, and a grave *Divine*,
Courage in *Heart*, and victory in *Hand*:
A brave *Commander*, both at *Sea* and *Land*.

Had

Had he but liv'd like others of his *Race*;
And to his Inward joyn'd his outward *Grace*.
He from base *Plots* had clear'd the Kingdom's sky;
And freed the State from Clouds of *Treachery*;
He'd turn'd the *Chase*; and forc'd (within a while)
Grim-look'd *Rebellion* blush into a smile.
Great Brittain sighes, and *Ireland* loud doth cry;
The *States of Holland* wipe a watry Eye.
The love of all he had, of none the Hate;
The *Church* Companion, and a Friend to *State*.
I think I hear his mourning eccho cry,
Religion, *Wisdom*, *Valour*, *Loyalty*.

An ELEGY, ON Mr. *John Forbes*, late Sheriff of *Aberdeen* in *Scotland*.

HEre lyes his *dust*, who did himself behave
In all respects, both *Loving*, *Wise*, and *Grave*.
A Man of *Learning*, *Knowledge*, and such *Grace*;
As did become his *Pedegree*, and *place*.
In *Righteous* Causes, he did never grudge,
To play the part of *Advocate* and *Judge*.
He all his life time, kept before his Eye,
The *Principle*, of real *Piety*.

He

He ſtarv'd the mouth of *Envy*, and did gain
The love of thoſe once had him in diſdain.
A man of *Courage*, yet baſe broils abhor'd;
And brought all diſcords unto *Bon-accord*.
Now *Oratrie*, and all the *Muſes* nine,
Are not enou h his perſon to define.
For when the King of *Terrours* took him hence,
He ſtop'd the Mouth of pureſt *Eloquence*.
Had he not liv'd within a *Northen* miſt,
Toſt 'twixt the Waves of *Pope* and *Calveniſt*.
He might have to his *Nation* been a *fame*,
And eterniz'd *Admirable* by name.
Then reſt in hope (*Dear Saint*) and quiet lye,
Till he return who 'ſcended up on high.

A Mournful ELEGY.
ON
Mr. *I. K.* who Died in KENT in ENGLAND.

THe Wor'd's a triſle, and the life of Man
A hand in bredth, in Longitude a ſpan.
Our *Pleaſures* are but *Pain*; our *Joyes* relent,
Before the Morning of our dayes be ſpent.
I ve ſeen a *Dunce*, pre'er'd before a *Wit*,
Baſe *Beggars* ride, when *Princes* walk'd a foot.

To

To *ſwift* or *ſtrong*, by *chance*, no prize at all:
But God doth ſend, what ever doth befal.
Then why ſhould I repine, my Heart reply'd,
The fineſt Gold is often purified.
This Object of our preſent *Grief* and *Woe*,
What I affirm without debate may ſhow;
Whoſe *Partes* and *Perſon*, readineſs of *Wit*,
Did of no *Blot*, or *Blemiſh* baſe admit.
Religion's root ne'r wither'd nor decay'd
In him: till he *Life*'s utmoſt minute pay'd.
Oft *Satan* ſnatch'd; but he could only roar;
The God of *Truth* had muzzl'd him before.
Then (charitable Reader) write me down,
A *Chriſtian* cros'd doth wear an endleſs Crown.

On the Memory of a Married Maid.

WIthin this *Coffin* here doth lye,
A Pattern of pure *Chaſtity*.
A *Non ſuch*-ſight (as it is ſaid)
A *Wife*, a *Widow*, and a *Maid*.
Whoſe *Modeſty* did her reſtrain,
A Marrie'd-Virgin to remain.
Who willingly, not by conſtraint,
Was pleas'd to live by *Complement*;
Her *Youth* and *Beauty* ſtill did plead
Divorcement, from her *Maiden-head*.

Yet

Yet Chaſtity did gain the cauſe:
The *civil* beat down Natur's Laws.
I could ſpeak more here to her praiſe,
And force beholders all, to gaze.
But that I think her Aſhes cry,
Hold Gentle Muſe for *Modeſty*.

—— *On the death of a hopeful young Boy.*

WIthin this little Box doth ly
Ripe wiſdome, yet in Infancy.
Like Homer's Iliads in a Nut,
Full four ſcore and ten here are ſhut
In ſingle five, a Childe, whoſe years
Are written down in Characters.
Then Reader gaze not, but behold
This *young old* Childe, as *Eſay* told.

AN EPITAPH
On the Brother of Heliogabolus.

WIthin this Tombe lyes one, I can
Scarce *nominare* a *Brute*, or *Man*
But yet the *veritatem loqui*,
He borrow'd *partem*, *ab utroque*.

His *Definition* was a *Stipes*,
Or *animal implume bipes.*
He ſpent his time here in a miſt,
A *Papiſt*, yet no *Atheiſt.*
He liv'd by robries, and oppreſſion;
Whereof (at Death) he made Confeſſion.
His fame ſtill cry'd *he liveth ill*:
And now he's dead, againſt his will.

REGICIDA
Or
AN EPITAPH,
On the firſt *Death, and* ſecond *Burial, of the great Traytour, and* Uſurper;
OLIVER CROMWELL,
ANAGRAM.
O Vile, Cruell Worm.

COme Tribe of *Judas*, and condole,
The rotten Ruins, of old *Nol.*
That's frighted up, without a *Soul.*

Great *Britan's* Butcher here doth ly,
Who did up from a Dung-hill fly,
In *Treaſon*, to promotion's sky.

Whence

Whence, (for Eclipſing *Sun*, and *Moon*;
And aiming at a Royal *Crown*)
The *King* of *Kings* did hurle him down.

He was inſatiate in deſire;
And all his life time did aſpire;
And now (when dead) he's jump't up higher.

He cut the *Church* quite off at knees;
And ſet on Fire, both *Land* and *Seas*;
And Father'd all, on *Gods* decrees.

He was ſworn Enemy to good;
A *Canibal* of *Babels* brood;
Did eat Men's *Fleſh*, and ſuck their *blood*.

In life, he plagu'd us with *Protection*:
And now (when dead) makes *Inſurrection*;
And Threatens the *World*, with *Infection*.

The curſe of *Kings*, of *Queens* the bane,
Who did the *Univerſe* ſo ſtain;
That Earth hath ſpu'd him up again.

Then pray Hiſtorians mention not'
The kiſs of this *Iſcariot*:
But let his Memory quite rot.

Then *Traitours* tremble and give o'r
To *Plot* your projects, any more:

Leſt that you ſplit, on treaſon's ſhore.

Although your Stubborn Hearts be ſtout
In villanies, yet out of doubt,
The *King* of *Kings* will finde you out.

ON DEATH.

Mors ultima linia rerum.

DEath is life's *exit*, and the *Porch* whereby
All men doe enter *long Eternity*:
Upon the left the *half*-gat's open wide;
On *right* the *Wicket's* only lay'd aſide.
Then ſtoope down *low*, when *young*; & boldly venter,
For truckling thou mayſt fall, before thou enter.
By all eſpouſed it is ſtill confeſt,
That the firſt proffer's (commonly) the beſt;
There are no Suiters for thy *Soul* but *one*,
And thou may'ſt dye a *Foole*, when he's once gone.
Ther's no contentment in our *Worldly* joyes;
They puff to pride, which but the Soul deſtroyes;
Then waſt not *time*, for thy *time* is not *long*;
Leſt *Death* prevent thy lovely *Marriage-Song*.
He's bleſt who Sings back from *Mount-Zion* high,
Death, wher's thy Sting? Grave, wher's thy Victory?

A POEM
On
The STATUE ROYAL,
Erected in the Center *of the* EXCHANGE
of LONDON.

TEll me no more how *Memnon's* Statue ſtood,
Which (but by *hear-ſay*) ſounded forth aloud.
Nor of that Golden, Artificial *Head*,
Which prattl'd *Nonſenſe*, by *Albertus* made.
Nor of that fluttering *Dove* that flew amain,
To welcome *Julius*; and rerurn'd again.
Theſe are but *Fopp'ries*, here's a *Demonſtration*
Which to a greater *Caſar* hath Relation.
A ſtately *Statue*, elivate on high,
T' immortalize our CHARLES his Memory.
This, is a *Merchant's Mite*, which doth but ſhow
What Faithful *Summe* this *City* doth him owe.
Then Loyal *London*, keep before thine eye,
This as the *Center*, of thy Gravity.
That frowning *Tempeſts* from the Royal *Skie*,
May neither beat, nor break thy *Loyalty*
From him, this repreſents: but ſtill endure
Like *Marble*, and like *Alablaſter* pure
Unſpotted: that all *Forreigners* may ſee
This *Chirogliphick* of *Fidelitie*.

FINIS.

THE Deſcription of a LIE AND The Character of a LIAR.

A LIE is of an antient Extract, and deduceth its Pedegree from the Old *Serpent*. It was the firſt ſeed of *Apoſtacy*, which out of Malice and Envy, the *Wicked One* did ſow in the *Garden of Eden*, to choak the lovely Flower of *Innocence*, and blaſt the *Bloſſoms* of the *Tree of Life*. It is the Root of all *Evil*, and the Father of *Unbelief*, the Corruption of *Nature*, the Overthrow of *Grace*, the Ruin of the *World*, and breeder of Enmity 'twixt *God* and *Man*. There is no Sin more oppoſite to the Nature of God, for (*Truth* being his Eſſential, Prerogative Royal) he can no more endure a *Lie*, than *Ice* can endure heat.

In the whole Scriptures I read not of one gracious Promiſe to a *Reſolute Liar*; Yea, it is ſaid, *Iſa.* 63. 8. *Surely they are my People, Childring that will not Lie. So he was their Saviour.* And when in *Rev.* 21. 8. a *Climax* or *Series* of Wicked Sinners are reckoned up.; *Liars* are plac'd in the higheſt rank and degree, and have a more abſolute Sentence then all their followers: For it is ſaid,

And

And ALL LIARS *ſhall have their part in the Lake which burneth, &c.* And (as it was the firſt of Sins) ſo it is the laſt that is ſpoke againſt: For it is ſaid in the ſame Chap. Verſ. 27. *That in no wiſe any thing that defileth, nor worketh Abomination, or maketh a* LIE, *ſhall enter the New* Jeruſalem.

The Devil was a Liar from the Beginning, the firſt of all Sinners, that had his *being* from God, but his *being ſuch* of himſelf. For after his *Lying*, and ſaying that which was void of *Truth*, and caſting the aſperſion of *untrue* on God himſelf, *Gen.* 3. 4. The Lord took from him his Mercy, Glory, and Goodneſs, and then (as by taking away *Light*, *Darkneſs* cometh) from an Angel of *Light*, he became a Devil of *Darkneſs*.

Thus being but a *Privation*, neither Created, Made, nor brought forth, he is termed a *God*: *God* of the *World* of *Apoſtates*, and Lord over all the Children of Pride. The *Sorceries* of the *Son of Perdition* are termed *lying wonders*, and the greateſt ſtumbling-block which is caſt in the way of Self-conceited, Stiff-necked Unbelievers, is Deluſion, to ſeduce them to believe a *Lie*, *Theſſ.* 2. 11.

An *Antidote* may be provided againſt all Sins, but this none can oppoſe. *If the Tongue* (as the Apoſtle *James* ſaith) *be ſet on the fire of Hell*, ſure *Lies* muſt be the ſparkes which fly from thence Mentioned *Iſa.* 50. 11. Wherewith the Wicked compaſs themſelves about, and walk in the light of their own kindling.

A Lie is the Foundation of the Kingdom of Confusion, and the first Brick of the Spiritual *Babylon*: 'Tis a *Cockatrice* hatch't in a *Silogism*, and Christian'd with the Name of *Reason*, it is dandled by the *Alma mater*, and trades under the Vizard of *Philosophia*. It is the breeder of Strife & the raiser of Sedition, which hath turned Kingdomes upside-down. It is a cloak to Conspiracies, a vail to Villanies, and a cover to all Vicious Designes.

The *Venom* of the *Viper's-Gall*,
The Sugar'd *Serpent's* Breath;
The first of *Sins* made *Adam* fall,
And slav'd us all to *Death*.

THE *Character of a* FORTUNE-TELLER.

A *Fortune-Teller* is the most Impudent of all *Cheats*; his Head is a *Lottary*, and every touch of his Tongue a throw of the *Dice*, his Predictions are but Possibilities, and bear no more certainty then the rule of future *Contingency* is able to afford. All *Impostors* may pretend to some cloak or vizard of Learning, to cover their Knavery; but he (against Knowledge) putteth on a *Brazen-Face*, to batter and beat down all Bulwarks of Reason, and Principles of Learning, Art and Science

A

ance: And ſetteth up the fooliſh phanſie of his own ridiculous invention.

I have obſerved that (for the moſt part) the Profeſſors of this Arte are great Dunces, pretending themſelves *Magi*, and Students in *Aſtrology*: though they never knew the difference 'twixt *Urſa*, and *Cynoſura*: Nor cou'd diſtinguiſh twixt the *Pole Artick*, and the *Zenith*. Yet all their proceedings, and reſolutions are cut out according to the Rules of this Arte; Which indeed (as they ſay) is ſo profound, that none but themſelves can ſound. Yea & to give a rational account, how or by what means they attaine the knowledge of ſuch Prophetical Myſteries, or rather fallacious *Foppryes*, exceedeth the eloquence of their expreſſion.

If a Paſſionate, and impatient Lover come to one of them, deſiring to be reſolved of his amorous ſucceſſe; hee will (for a Crown) pimpe the Idol to an adoration, and (by a ſtrong apprehenſion) tickle his phancie to an imaginary Marriage: or elſe tell him he will miſs her, and obtain the favour of a more deſerving, beautifull, rich, and better qualified Lady, but be in danger to be oppreſſed with the ſigne of *Capricorn*.

I have obſerved that (in all times) ſince the *Old Serpent*, under colour of good Counſel, cheated our great *Grand-Mother*, he hath ſtill guilded his pernicious projects, and deſtructive deſignes, with the pretence of *Piety*. He did quote *Scripture* to the *Son of God* himſelf; (and to ſtain the *Goſpel*,

and bring forth *Unbelief*) cry out that *Paul* and *Barnabas* were the Servants of the most High *God*. He covereth all his Sorceries, Spels, Breefs, Charms, Inchantments, and Diabolical drifts, with some holy Word, or outside form and *Superficies*. But *Religio velum est quod tegit omne scelus*. *Saul* became a Proverb, when he turned *Prophet*. The Devil is most dangerous when he metamorphoseth himself into an *Angel of Light*. These Hypocritical *Augurs*, Cunning Men, or *Fortune-Tellers*, who sophisticate Knowledge, and cheat the World with their Sorceries (for all they pretend to a Special gift of Divination, and therefore will not hide their Talen in a Napkin) are but Deceivers of the Tribe of *Simon Magus*, sprung from the seed of the Old Serpent, whose Light, and Learning are but *Egyptian* Darkness, and Ignorance, which will vanish in the day of Visitation, and perish in the gain-saying of *Core*.

GOD hath told us that the *Touch-stone* of a true Prophet is the *Truth* of his Prophecy, and the observation whether his words come *infallibly* to pass. Now whether or not these Men tell any think of Truth in finding out Theives; recovering stolen, or lost Goods; in foretelling good, or bad success in any Voyage, Journey, or Undertaking, let their *cheated Clients* declare, and whether their sureſt Divination be but a meer *Conjecture*, hit, or miss; right or wrong. There is a sad Woe denounced against those who make the arm of flesh their trust,

and

and run down to *Egypt* for help, who conſult the *Witch of Endor*, and take advice of the God of *Ekron*, as if there were no God in *Iſrael*.

DRUNKENNESS.

Drunkenneſs is the *Primum Mobile* of all Vice, and the *Keſtibulum* of all Sins, the Mother of *Miſchief*, the Revealer of *Secrets*, the Seducer of *Sence*, and the Betrayer of *Reaſon*. 'Tis the Gate of *Hell*, and the way that leadeth to *Everlaſting Deſtruction*, 'tis the Doo of *Confuſion*, the Porch of *Impiety*, and the *Turnkey* of the Priſon of *Death*. It was reputed (among the *Romans*) the moſt brutiſh of all Vices, as being a Sin againſt *Nature*, *Reaſon* and *Delight*, the Ruin of the *Body*, the Deſtruction of the *Soul*, and the overthrow of the whole *Man*, when the ſecond World was without a *Curſe*, it brought on *Ham's* Poſterity, the Cloud of Apoſtacy, and began a new Tribe to the Old Serpent. The Scarlet Whore of *Babylon* (to make her the more abomniable) is repreſented to the World with a *Cup* in her hand; and it is ſaid, *She was drunk with the Bloud of the Saints*. the Devil never gains more ground upon the Children of God, than when he takes them at the diſadvantage of being overtaken with this Evil; and bound with the fetters of Swiniſh Pleaſures. It rendereth a Man

uncapable to handle the Spiritual Armour; & it is ſo hateful in it ſelf, that *God* hath not ſo evidently prohibited it in the *Decalogue*, as he hath other ſins, it being ſo intrinſically Evil, and obvious to the Eye of meer nature, that he that runs may read it's ſhame, loſs, ruin and diſgrace, *&c.*

The Character of Tipſie Tome, *The Metropolitan of* Drinkers.

THis *Drunkard* is the *Statue* of a Man, ſurreverene'd over with Clay and Kennel dirt; he's a Beaſt-like Man, or a *Medium* 'twixt Man and Beaſt: all the terms of *Logick* are not enough to prove him a *Rational Creature*, take him in the *Complex*, he's but *Rationabile*, or a Man in *Actu ſignato*, made capable of *Reaſon*, by a Week's ſleeping; had he liv'd in the days of *Caligula Caſar*, he had been a Court-favourite, and choſen preſident of the *Bacchanalians*: had he been Herds-man to the *Gadarens*, the Devil might have claim'd him for a *Hogg*, and choak'd him in the Sea among the reſt of the Swine: put a white rod in his hand, and ſet him up *London*-ſtreets, and he would paſs for the *Monopoly* of *T. T.* Madam *Luxuria* in her Cell of Darkneſs, never hatch'd a Frat of greater *Beſtiality*. Comeing home lately from the *Tavern*, & misbehaving himſelf (at *the Houſe of Office*) by the

the way, he was in danger of being eaten up by his related Hoggs, who claimed right to his beſpattered Garments. He's a *Demonſtration* of *Penetration*, for there goes more in at his Mouth, then his whole Belly is in bigneſs. At Twelve a Clock at Night, he would ſerve for a *Water-work*, ſending more Wine from the *Spiggot* of his *Mouth*, then Breath from the *Bellowes* of his *Noſe*. He's a Hogg in *folio*, but a Man in *decimo ſexto*. were it not for the flood-gate of his Mouth, his *Pulmones* and Wind-pipes might be put to a *Non-plus*, and the whole *Microcoſme* be in danger of Drowning, had he Belly to his thirſt, and appetite, he could dry the great Tunn of *Hidlebirdge* at a draught. At Night he weareth the painted Vizard of the *Scarlet Whore*, but next morning he's a Man Metamorphos'd, who laſt night ſcrew'd his Noſe out of joynt. View him at a diſtance, and *per conceptum primum*, you would take him for a Man, but draw a little nigher, and ſurvey him *per conceptum ſecundum*, you'll find him a *Monſter of Beaſts*, or a *Man Brutifi'd*, whoſe reaſon is turned to ſenſe, and ſenſe to ſenſuality: he's a King all-compleat at night, and can dance without Muſick, but next Morning he can hardly ſtand. Make him Coeleſtial he would paſs for *Urſa* oppreſſ'd with the *Dogg-ſtar*, Terreſtial for a *Hedge-Hogg*: Place him in the Sea, and he would paſs for a *Torpedo*, whoſe Breath is enough to infect the Angler, he's an excellent Orator, ſending forth ſentences of

ſtrong

strong sense, for all the words of his Mouth are made of *Oak*,

Quid rides? — Of all the senses he's most subject to that of *smelling*, for you may *mutato nomine* nose him in the dark, when you can *de te fabula* neither hear nor see him.

narratur. — In fine he's an equivocal Creature, whose understanding is ecclipsed by his sense, or rather *Luxury*; from *whom* and *such*, let all sober and moderate Persons Pray,

Good Lord deliver us.

The Character of a

CUCKOLD,

By D. N. B.

A *Cuckold* is an abortive brat of *Wantonness*, hatch'd between a *Man* and a *Woman*; he is an instantaneous Creature, or an *Animal immediate individuum a parte rei*: No sooner begotten than brought forth, and in a moment can both walk, speak, and stare like a *Bull*; he is never produced but in an *Eclipse*, by the interposition of some gross Body.

A *Cock's-Comb* and a *Cuckold*, are (for the most

moſt part Concomitants, and *termini convertibiles*; and it is very rare to ſee one under ſixteen years of age, but he who is ſixty, and married to a young Wife, and no *Cuckold*, may paſs for a *Show*. A *Cuckold* can be no *Baſtard*, for he is never begotten without the bond of *Matrimony*, he is of an antient extract, and may paſs for a Gentleman, becauſe of Antiquity. The chief *Mecenas*, Patron, and Metrapolitan of this Tribe, is entituled, *Cuckold-Major*; and the inferiour Brethren but *Man* cornutified. Seldome (or never) is a *Cuckold* made of a *Maiden head*, for the time and occaſion are ſhort and rare, Some natural *Philoſophers* who pry in the ſecrets of their Science, affirm that this *Animal* weareth Hornes; but like *Lines Celeſtial* they are only *Imaginary*, uſed to expreſs the *real* Creature himſelf; and like an Ear-mark difference him from others of the Heard of *Wife-Oppreſſed Husbands*.

It is very remarkable here that ſome curious Inquiſitors affirm, that this *production* may be more properly termed a *Metamerphoſis*; by *Addition*, as by *Subſtraction*, a *Bull* is turned to an *Ox*, or a tranſmutation of a poor man to a rich. And many are of opinion, that ſome vertuous and grave Ladies, ſubtilly uſe their beſt Wits and endeavours about this *Generation*, rather to ſhun Poverty, than licentiate Leachery, and for this cauſe are the more excuſable. I am not ſo rigid and void of Charity, as to affirm a *Cuckold* to be no *Chriſtian*;

for

for then I ſhould be put to a puzle to find ten Marrried Righteous in this City, whom I could give up upon Oath.

Then Gentlemen, *contented* Cuckolds *all*,
Since your Diſeaſe is Epidemical;
Conceal and wear your Hornes, *but in your pocket*,
If they appear once on your heads, you'r mocked:
Your Son's a Baſtard, *and your Wife's a* Whore,
But beſt of all, a Cuckold s ſeldome poor.

FINIS.

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